ANE GODLIE DREAME, COMPYLIT IN Scottish Meter be M. M. Gentelwoman in Culros at thare requeist of hir freindis.

Intrate per angustam portam, nam lata est via quæ ducit ad interitum.

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Ane godlie Dreame compy-

lit in Scotiſh Meter be M. M. Gentelwoman in Culros, at the requeiſt of her freinds.

VPon ane day as I did mourne full ſoir,
With ſindrie things quhairwith my ſaull was
My greif increaſit & grew moir & moir (greiſit
My comfort fled and could not be releiſit,
With heaulnes my heart was ſa miſchefit,
I loathit my lyfe, I could not eit nor drink,
I micht not ſpeik nor luik to nane that leifit,
Bot muſit alone and diuers things did think.

The wretchit warld did ſa moleſt my mynde,
I thocht upon this fals and Ironage.
And how our hartis war ſa to vice inclynde,
That Sathan ſeimit maiſt feirfullie to rage.
Nathing in earth my ſorrow could aſſwage,
I felt my ſin maiſt ſtranglie to increis,
I greifit my Spreit that wont to be my pledge,
My ſaull was drownit into maiſt deip diſtreis.

All merynes did aggrauate my paine,
And earthlie ioyes did ſtill increis my wo:
In compaine I na wayes could remaine,
Bot fled reſort and ſo alone did go.
My ſillie ſaull was toſſit to and fro,
With ſindrie thochts quhilk troublit me full ſoir:
I preiſit to prap, bot ſichs ouerlet me ſo,
I could do nocht bot ſich and ſay no moir.

My heart was eaſit quhen I had mournit my fill:
Than I be-gan my lamentatioun,
And ſaid, O Lord, how lang is it thy will,
That thy puir Sanctis ſall be afflictit ſtill.
Allace, how lang ſall ſubtill Sathan rage.
Mak haiſt O Lord, thy promeis to fulfill,
Mak haiſt to end our painefull pilgrammage.

Thy ſillie Sanctis ar toſſit to and fro,
Awalk, O Lord, quhy ſleipeſt thou ſa lang.
We haue na ſtrenth againis our cruell foe,
In ſichis and ſobbis now chaingit is our ſang.
The warld preuails, our enemies ar ſtrang,
The wicket rage, bot wee ar puir and waik:
O ſchaw thy ſelf, with ſpeid reuenge our wrang,
Mak ſchort thir dayis, euen for thy choſens ſaik.

Lord Jeſus cum and ſaik thy awin Elect,
For Sathan ſeikis our ſimpill ſauls to ſlay:
The wicket warld dois ſtrainglie vs infect,
Moſt monſterous ſinnes increaſſes day be day.
Our luik growes cald, our zeill is worne away,
Our faith is faillit, and we ar lyke to fall:
The Lyon roares to catch vs as his pray,
Mak haiſt, O Lord, befoir wee periſh all.

Thir ar the dayes that thou ſa lang foretald,
Sould cum befoir this wretchit warld ſould ende
Now vice abounds and charitie growes cald,
And euin thine owne moſt ſtronglie dois offend.
The Deuill preuaillis, his forces he dois bend,
Gif it could be to waik thy childzen deir:
Bot wee ar thine, thairfoir ſum ſuccour ſend,
Releaue our ſaullis, wee irk to wander heir.

Quhat

In filthie vyce our lenlles laules ar dzdwnit:
Thocht wee re ſolue wee neuir can begin,
To mend our lykes, bot ſin dois ſtill abound.
Quhen will thou cum, quhen ſall thy trumpet ſound?
Quhen ſall wee ſie that grit and glozious day?
O ſaue vs Lozd, out of this pit pzofound,
And reik vs from this loathſum lump of clay.

Thou knawis our hearts, thou ſies our hail deſyze,
Our ſecret thochts thay ar not hid fra thee:
Thocht wee offend thou knawis we ſtranglie tyze,
To beir this wecht our ſpzeit wald faine be free.
Allace, O Lozd, quhat pleaſour can it be,
To leik in ſinne that laſt dois pzeſſe vs downe:
Oh, gine vs wings that wee aloft may flie,
And end the ferht that wee may weir the crowne.

Behoir the Lozd quhen I had thus complainit,
My mynde grew calme, my heart was at grea at reſt:
Thocht I was faint from fuid zit I refrainit,
And went to bed, beraus I thocht it beſt.
With heauines my ſpzeit was ſa oppzeſt,
I fell on ſleip, and ſa againe me thocht
I maid my mone, and than my greif increſt,
And from the Lozd with teares I ſuccour ſocht.

Lozd Jeſus cum (ſaid I) and end my greif.
My ſpzeit is vexit, the captiue wald be frie:
All vice abounds, O ſend vs ſum releif,
I loath to liue, I wiſhe deſoluit to be.
My ſpzeit dois lang and thziſteth efter thee,
As thziſtie ground requyzis ane ſhoure of raine:
My heart is dzy, as fruitles barren tree
I feill my ſelfe, how can I beir remaine.

Into my dreame I thocht thair did appeir
Ane sicht maist sweit, quhilk maid me weill content,
Ane Angell bricht with bisage schyning cleir,
With lufing luiks and with ane smyling cheir:
He askit mee, quhy art thou thus sa sade
Quhy grones thou so, quhat dois thou dupning heir
With caurfull cryes in this thy wailfull dede

I heir thy sichs, I sie thy twinkling teares,
Thou seimes to be in sum perplexitie: (teares
Quhat meanes thy mones, quhat is the thing thou
Quhom wald thou haue, in quhat place wald you be
Fainte not sa fast in thy aduersitie,
Mourne not sa sair, sen mourning may not mend:
Lift vp thy heart, declair thy greif to mee,
Perchance thy paine vyings pleasure in the end.

I sicht againe, and said allace for woe,
My greif is greit, I can it not declair:
Into this earth I wander to and fro,
Ane pilgrime puir consumit with sichting sair.
My sinnes allace, increalles mair and mair,
I loath my lyfe, I irk to wander heir:
I long for heauen, my heritage is thair,
I long to line with my Redimer deir

Is this the caus (said he) ryse vp anone,
And follow mee and I sall be thy gyde:
And from thy sichs leif off thy heauie mone,
Refraine from teares and cast thy cair asyde,
Trust in my strenth, and in my word confyde,
And thou sall haue thy heauie hearts desyre:
Ryse vp with speid, I may not lang abyde,
Greit diligence this matter dois requyre.

My

My Saull reſoylit to heir his wordis ſaſweit,
I luikit vp and ſaw his face maiſt fair:
His countenance reuiuit my wearie Spreit,
Incontinent I cuiſt aſyde my cair.
With humbill heart I prayit him to declair
Quhat was his name? he anſwerit me againe,
I am thy God for quhom thou ſicht ſa ſair,
I now am cummit: thy teares ar not in vaine.

I am the way, I am the treuth and lyfe.
I am thy ſpous that brings thee ſtore of grace:
I am thy luik quhom thou wald faine imbrace,
I am thy joy, I am thy reſt and peace.
Ryſe vp anone and follow efter mee,
I ſall the leid into thy dwelling place:
The Land of reſt thou langs ſa ſair to ſie
I am thy Lord that ſone ſall end thy race.

With joyfull heart I thankit him againe,
Reddie am I (ſaid I) and weill content
To follow thes, for heir I leiue in paine,
O wretch vnworthy, my dayes ar vainlie ſpent.
Nocht ane is juſt bot all ar fearcelie bent,
To rin to vyce, I haue na force to ſtand:
My ſinnes increaſe quhilk makis me ſair lament,
Mak haiſt, O Lord, I lang to ſie that Land.

Thy haiſt is greit, he anſwerit me againe,
Thou thinks thee thair, thou art tranſportit ſo:
That pleaſant place moſt purchaiſt be with paine,
The way is ſtrait, and thou bes far to go.
Art thou content to wander to and fro,
Throw greit deſerts throw water and throw fyre:
Throw thornes and breirs and monie dangers mo,
Quhat ſays thou now: Thy febill fleſh will tyre.

Allace said I, howbeit my flesh be waik,
My spreit is strang and willing for to flie:
O leif mee nocht, bot for thy mercies saik,
Performe thy word, or els for duill I die.
I feir no paine, sence I sould walk with thee,
The way is lang, zit bring me throw at last:
Thou answeirs weill, I am content said hee,
To be thy guyde, bot sle thou grip me fast.

Than up I raise and maid na mair delay,
My febill arme about his arme I cast:
He went befoir and still did guyde the way,
Thocht I was waik, my spreit did follow fast.
Throw mos and myres, throw ditches deip wee past,
Throw pricking thornes, throw water & throw fyre:
Throw dreidfull dennes quhilk maid my heart agast,
Hee buir mee up quhen I begouth to tyre.

Sumtyme wee clam on craigis Montanes hie,
And sumtymes slaid on vglie brayes of land:
They war sa stay that wonder was to sie,
Bot quhen I feirit hee held mee be the hand.
Throw thirls and thin, throw sea and eik be land,
Throw greit deserts wee wanderit on our way:
Quhen I was waik and had no force to stand,
Zit with ane luik hee did refresh mee ay.

Throw waters greit wee war compellit to weyd,
Quhilk war sa deip that I was lyke to drowne:
Sumtyme I sank, bot zit my gracious gyde,
Did draw me out half deid and in ane sowne.
In woods maist wyld and far fra anie towne,
Wee thristit throw, the breirs together stak:
I was sa waik thair strenth did ding me downe,
That I was forcit for feir to flie aback.

Curage

Curage (quhen hee) thou art midgait and maire,
Thou may not tyre nor turne aback againe:
Hald fast thy grip on mee cast all thy cair,
Allay thy strenth, thou sall not feght in vaine,
I tauld thee first, that thou sould suffer paine,
The neirer heauen, the harder is the way:
Lift vp thy heart and let thy hope remaine,
Sence I am guyde thou sall not go astray.

Forduart wee past on narow brigs of trie,
Ouer waters greit that hiddeouslie did roir:
Thair lay belaw that feirfull wags to sie,
Maist vglie beists, that gaipit to deuoir.
My heid grew licht and troublit wonderous soir,
My heart did feir, my feit began to slyde:
Bot quhan I cryit, hee heard mee euer moir,
And held mee vp, O blissit be my guyde.

Wearie I was, and thocht to sit at rest,
Bot hee said na: thou may not sit nor stand,
Hald on thy course and thou sall find it best,
Gif thou desyris to sie that pleasant Land.
Thocht I was waik, I raise at his command,
And held him fast: at lenth he leit mee sie
That pleasant place, quhilk semit to be at hand,
Tak curage now, for thou art neir, said hee.

I luikit vp vnto that Castell fair,
Glistring lyke gold, and schyning siluer bricht:
The staitlie towres did mount aboue the air,
Thay blindit mee, thay cuist sa greit ane licht.
My heart was glaid to sie that joyfull sicht,
My voyage than I thocht was not in vaine:
I him besocht to guyde mee thair aricht,
With manie vowes neuer to tyre againe.

Thocht thou be neir, the way is wonderous hard,
Said hee againe, thairfoir thou mon be stout,
Faints not for feir, for cowarts ar debard,
That hes na heart to go thair voyage out.
Pluck up thy heart and grip mee fast about,
Out throw yon trance together wee man go:
The zet is law, remember for to lout,
Gif this war past, wee haue not manie mo.

I held him fast, as hee did gif command,
And throw that trance together than wee went:
Quhairin the middis grit pricks of Iron did stand,
Quhair with my feit was all betorne and rent.
Tak curage now said hee, and be content,
To suffer this: the pleasour cums at last:
I answerit nocht, bot ran incontinent,
Out ouer them all, and so the paine was past.

Quhen this was done my heart did dance for joy,
I was sa neir, I thocht my voyage endit:
I ran before, and socht not his convoy,
For speirit the way, becaus I thocht I kend it:
On staitlie steps maist stoutlie I ascendit,
Without his help I thocht to enter thair:
Hee followit fast and was richt fair offendit,
And haistelie did draw mee down the stair.

Quhat haist said hee, quhy ran thou so before:
Without my help, thinks thou to clim sa hie:
Cum down againe, thou zit mon suffer moir,
Gif thow desyres that dwelling place to sie:
This staitlie stair it is not maid for thee,
Hald thow that course, thow sall be thrust aback:
Allace said I, lang wandring wearied mee,
Quhilk maid mee rin the neirest way to tak.

Thair

Than yet began to tourtoyt mee againe,
And said my freind thou mon not enter thair:
Lift vp thy heart, thou zit mon sucker paine,
The last assault perforce it mon be sair.
This godlie way althocht it seime sa fair,
It is to hie thou cannot clim so stay:
Bot luik belaw beneath that staitlie stair,
And thou sall sie ane vther kynde of way.

I luikit down and saw ane pit most black,
Most full of smuke and flaming fyre most fell:
That vglie sicht maid mee to flie aback,
I feirit to bein so manie shout and zell:
I him besocht that hee the treuth wald tell,
Is this said I, the Papists purging place?
Quhair thay affirme that sillie saulles do dwell,
To purge thair sin, befoir thay rest in peace.

The vraine of man maist warlie did inuent
That Purging place, he answerit me againe:
For gredines together thay consent,
To say that saulles in torment mon remaine,
Till gold and gudes releif them of thair paine,
O spytfull spreits that did the same begin:
O blindit beists zour thochts ar all in vaine,
My blude alone did saif thy saull from sin.

This Pit is Hell, quhairthrow thou now mon go.
Thair is thy way that leids the to the land:
Now play the man thou neids not trimbill so,
For I sall help and hald thee be the hand.
Allace said I, I haue na force to stand,
For feir I faint to sie that vglie sicht:
How can I cum among that baitfull band,
Oh help mee now, I haue na force nor mycht.

Oft haue I heard, quhat thay that [illegible],
In this greit golfe, sall neuer cum againe:
Curage said hee, haue I not bocht thee deir,
My precious blude it was nocht shed in waine.
I saw this place, my saull did taist this paine,
Or euer I went into my fathers gloir:
Throw mon thou go, bot thou sall not remaine,
Thow needs not feir, for I sall go befoir.

I am content to do thy haill command,
Said I againe, and did him fast imbrace:
Then louinglie he held mee be the hand,
And in wee went into that feirfull place.
Hald fast thy grip said hee, in anie cace,
Let mee not slip, quhat euer thou sall sie:
Dreid not the deith, bot stoutlie forward preis,
For Deith nor Hell sall neuer vanquish thee.

His words sa sweit did cheir my heauie hairt,
Incontinent I cuist my cair alyde:
Curage said hee, play not ane cowards pairt,
Thocht thou be waik, zit in my strenth confyde.
I thocht me blist to haue sa gude ane gyde,
Thocht I was waik, I knew that he was strang:
Under his wings I thocht mee for to hyde,
Gif anie thair fould preis to do mee wrang.

Into that Pit quhen I did enter in,
I saw ane sicht, quhilk maid my heart agaist
Thir damnit saullis, tormentit sair for sin,
In flaming fyre, war frying wonder fast:
And vglie spreits, and as wee thocht them past,
My heart grew faint, and I begouth to tyre:
Or I was war, ane gripit mee at last,
And held me heich aboue ane flaming fyre.

The

My faith grew waik, my grip was wonderous smal,
I trimbellit fast, my feir grew mair and mair,
My hands did shaik, that I him held with hail.
At lenth thay louisit, than thay begouth to fall,
I cryit O Lord, and caucht him fast againe:
Lord Jesus cum, and red mee out of thrall,
Curage said he, now thou art past the paine.

With this greit feir, I startlerit and awoke
Crying O Lord, Lord Jesus cum againe
Bot efter this, no kynde of rest I tuke,
I preisit to sleip, bot that was all in vaine.
I wald haue dreamit, of pleasour after paine,
Becaus I knaw, I sall it finde at last:
God grant my gupde may still with mee remaine,
It is to cum that I beleifit was past.

This is ane dreame, and zit I thocht it best.
To writte the same, and keip it still in mynde:
Becaus I knew, thair was na earthlie rest,
Preparit for vs, that hes our hearts inclynde
To seik the Lord, we mon be purgde and fynde,
Our dros is greit, the fyre mon try vs fair:
Bot zit our God is mercifull and kynde,
Hee sall remaine and help vs euer mair.

The way to heauen, I see is wonderous hard,
My Dreame declairs, that we haue far to go:
Wee mon be stout, for cowards ar debarde,
Our flesh on foyre mon suffer paine and wo.
Thir grimelie gaits, and many dangers mo
Awaits for vs, wee can not leiue in rest:
Bot let vs learne, sence wee ar wairnit so,
To cleaue to Christ, for he can help vs best.

That loue the Lord and lang for Heauen sa hie:
Chainge not zour mynde, for ze haue chosen the best,
Prepair zour selues, for trublit mon ze be.
Faint not for feir in zour aduersitie,
Althocht that ze lang luiking be for lyfe:
Suffer ane quhyle and ze sall shortlie sie
The Land of rest, quhen endit is zour stryfe.

In wildernes quhen ze mon be tryit a quhyle,
Fit forduart preis and neuer flie aback:
Lyke pilgrimes puir and strangers in exyle,
Throw fair and foull zour journay ze mon tak.
The Deuill, the warld and all that thay can mak,
Will send thair force to stop zow in zour way:
Zour flesh will faint and sumtyme will grow slak,
Fit clim to Christ and hee sall help zow ay.

The thornie cairs of this deceitfull lyfe,
Will rent zour heart, and mak zour saull to bleid:
Zour flesh and spreit will be at deidlie stryfe,
Zour cruell foe will haild zow still in dreid.
And draw zow down, zit ryse againe with speid,
And thocht ze fall zit ly not loytring still:
Bot call on Christ to help zow in zour neid,
Quha will nocht fail his promeis to fulfill.

In floudes of woe quhen ze ar lyke to drowne,
Fit clim to Christ and grip him wonder fast.
And thocht ze sink and in the deip fall downe,
Fit cry aloud and hee will heir at last.
Dreid nocht the death nor be not fair agast,
Thocht all the erth against zow sould conspyre:
Christ is zour guyde, and quhen zour paine is past,
Ze sall haue ioy aboue zour hearts desyre.

Thocht

Thocht in this earth ze ſall exaltit be,
Feir falbe left to humbill zow withall:
For gif ze clim on tops of Montaines hie,
The heicher vp the nearer is zour fall.
Zour honie ſweit ſall mixit be with gall,
Zour ſhort delyte ſall end with paine and greif:
Zit truſt in God for his aſſiſtance call,
And he ſall help and ſend zow ſum releif.

Thocht waters greit do compas zow about,
Thocht Tirannes freat, thocht Lyouns rage & roir:
Defy them all and feir not to win out,
Zour guyde is neir to help zow euer moir.
Thocht pyck of Iron do pyck zow wonderous ſoir,
As noyſum luſts that ſeik zour ſaull to ſlay:
Zit cry on Chriſt and hee ſall go befoir,
The neirer Heauen, the harder is the way.

Rin out zour race ze mon not faint nor tyre,
Nor ſit nor ſtand, nor turne aback againe:
Gif ze deſyre to haue zour hearts deſyre,
Preis forduart ſtill all thocht it be with paine.
Na reſt for zow ſa lang as ze remaine,
Ane pilgrim puir into thy loathſum lyfe:
Fecht on zour faucht it ſall not be in vaine,
Zour riche reward is worth ane gritter ſtryfe.

Gif efter teires ze leif ane quhyle in joy,
And get ane taſt of that Eternall gloir,
Be nocht ſecure nor ſlip nocht zour conuoy,
For gif ze do, ze ſall repent it ſoir.
He knawes the way, and he mon go befoir,
Clim ze alane ze ſall nocht mis ane ſall:
Zour humblit fleſh it mon be troublit moir,
Gif ze forget vpon zour guyde to call.

Bit Chryst be gaine, althocht ze tome to ryse,
With golden wings abone the firmament:
Come down againe, ze sall nocht better be.
That pryde of zoures ze sall richt sair repent.
Than hald him fast with humbill heart ay bent,
To follow him, althocht throw Hell and Death:
Hee went befoir, his sauill was tozne and rent
Foz zour delerts hee felt his fatheris wzaith.

Thocht in the end ze suffer tozments fell,
Clim fast to him, that felt the same befoir:
The way to Heauen, mon be throw Death and Hell,
The last assault will troubill zow full soir.
The Lyoun than maist cruellie will roir,
His tyne is shozt, his fozces hee will bend:
The gritter stryke, the gritter is zour gloir,
Zour paine is thozt, zour joy sall neuer end.

Reioyce in God, let nocht zour curage faill,
Ze choisin Sanctis that ar afflictit heir:
Thocht Sathan rage, hee neuer sall preuaill,
Fecht to the end and stoutlie perseueir.
Zour God is trew, zour bludé is to him deir,
Feir nocht the way fence Chryst is zour conwoy:
Quhen Clouds ar past the weather will grow cleir,
Ze saw in teares, bot ze sal reap in joy.

Baith deith and hell, hes lost thair cruell sting,
Zour Captaine Chryst hes maid them all to zeild:
Lift vp zour hearts and praises to him sing,
Triumph foz joy, zour enemies ar keilde.
The Lozd of Hostis that is zour strenth and scheild
The Serpent is heid hes stoutlie trampit downe:
Trust in his strenth, pas fozdwart in the feild,
Ouercum in fecht and ze sall weare the Crowne.